VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 29, 1904. NUMBER 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good; to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

Edward Howard Griggs.

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THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

A CARD.

"Why don't you let us know how it is getting along?"

In answer to this oft-repeated demand I am glad to report that the building has been steadily approaching completion. There have been the usual delays and hitches, but there has never been a working day since the work was fairly begun, in June, 1903, when the men have not been busy "on the job." The exterior is finished and is justifying its plainness, solidity and honesty. The heat is on, and the carpenters are now at work putting on the "trim." The floors, seats and shelving are yet to come.

We might occupy it earlier, but we do not want to move in the winter, and 'tis best to get good and ready. Fitting dedicatory services will be held in the pleasant days of May.

I am glad to report that the enemy is still in front, where we mean to keep him. All bills are paid to date. In round numbers about $80,000 has been paid out. There are about $5,000 of uncollected subscriptions, and the "Old Stand" is as yet an unrealized asset. We are still in quest for more money, much more in the way of maintenance fund, special endowments and, say, $20,000 for the final completion fund.

I have in bank $107 to the credit of the "Unity Fund," which has come from friends of the Unity household and has been previously acknowledged in these columns. There are special things not in the "specifications" which I should like to do and put to the credit of the "Unity Fund."

I present no claim or plan. But I am glad in this way to thank all the friends who have helped and to say that I am prepared to be thankful for any further help that may come.

In the spirit of Christmas this report is blithely rendered.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

All Souls Church, Chicago, Dec. 20, 1904.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904. NUMBER 18

New Year's Day Festivities.

Long ere the lingering dawn of that blithe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his 'larum shrill;
But on that morn no busy flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the year—the first-foot's entering step,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the good new year,
Pronounced with honest warmth. In village, grange,
And borough town, the steaming flagon, borne
From house to house, elates the poor man's heart,
And makes him feel that life has still its joys.
The aged and the young, man, woman and child,
Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase,
Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
With sober cheerfulness, the grandam eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer,
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

Grahame.

Why not the Slavs? The ignoble estimate which Europeans have placed upon this people is suggested by the opprobium indicated in the derivative, "slave." These people in the past have been peculiarly the hewers of wood and carriers of water," but the Slavs have a future in America as well as in Europe. A recent number of *Charities,* the New York magazine to which we are often under editorial obligations, will prove a revelation to a large percentage of the citizens of the United States. It contains a special study of the Slav in America. It consists of eighteen or more contributions by expert students. It may well claim to be a co-operative undertaking. Many of these writers are themselves of Slavic origin. This is a contribution which may well be studied in connection with Miss Addams' address alluded to in another note.

With the close of the year the *Ethical Record,* which completes its fifth volume, goes blithely to its death. It makes the best of the matter; it dies in the interest of better things to be done for the *International Journal of Ethics* published in Philadelphia and the *Ethical Addresses* to be continued and enlarged in connection with the Ethical Culture Society of New York City. All of which is hopeful, but still the truth is obvious; the *Record* adds one more commendable name to the very long list which it has been the sad duty of UNITY to record during the last twenty-six years, of papers which have died from too much excellence. It has been too good to live. There is a touch of pathos in the following sentence:

> The cloud of commercialism darkens our press and our periodicals. It is well-nigh impossible to get from our great commercialized newspapers and magazines, under such heavy hostages to financial fortune, sincere judgments, or even reliable accounts, on any matters which seem to jeopardize vested interests or to antagonize partisan policies.

Chicago has made a beginning in the right direction. According to the *Congregationalist,* the Second Presbyterian Church has a fund of one hundred thousand dollars left it by John Crerar for current expenses; the Grace Episcopal Church is seeking a similar sum; the First and Union Park Congregational Churches have made a beginning in this direction; while the recent movement of Dr. Stone, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, to raise an endowment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is reported as already successful. If the church can escape the debilitating suspicion that it is the private luxury of the rich and become once more the great clearing house of the spiritual life, the cathedral of the community, then wealthy men who are now hopelessly trying to keep down their incomes within the bounds of decency by all kinds of side issues and unprofitable extravagances, will put their money where it will be a perpetual source of power, where it will be a vital attraction that will draw still more to its side and the church will again be honored as a center of influence, as a training school of character.

John S. Kennedy, who some years ago gave to New York City its United Charities Building, now the headquarters of some twenty helping societies, has recently donated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the endowment of the New York School of Philanthropy, the purpose of whch is to stimulate study and to perfect workers on philanthropic lines. This is a hint as suggestive to educators as it is to capitalists. The state of Illinois alone employs perhaps three thousand men and women in its charitable and penal institutions. Every one of these presumes to discharge duties which can only be successfully administered by experts, those who bring to the task the result of trained minds as well as dextrous hands. Here is a new profession standing midway between the medical and the educational, requiring the skill of both; a profession that challenges the best endeavors of the best equipped. Perhaps this profession is in the line of that new ministry that will successfully compete with the money-making crafts on the college campus and will win to this untrammeled ministry the bright men, students of nerve, the brainy ones who now, according to the statistics, give to the church ministry a wider and wider berth.

And now it is the week after Christmas and the reader will have a chance to go off by himself and take an account of stock. Has it all paid—the rush, the yielding to the seductions of the big department stores, the much buying, the great haste, the colds, the fevers, the doctor's bills? Does all this mean a triumph of the Christ-child or a triumph of modern commercialism? Did the inspiration come from the

New Testament story or the still more fundamental traditions of the sun festival, or was it a mad contagion of extravagance? Or, to be more searching still, has it made the little ones more disinterested? Did they come in personal contact with the less favored? Were they taught to think how they might give pleasure to distant ones, not unloading on the little ones whom they did not know all their cast-off toys, but carrying new ones to little ones they would do well to know, laying the foundations of delicate and beautiful friendships further on? The beauty of the Christmas song no one doubts; have we added to the sweetness of it? In short, perhaps there is time now to read Mr. Crothers' article in the December *Atlantic Monthly* entitled, "Christmas; Its Unfinished Business." We commend the reading and then the filing it away with the inscription, "To be read on the first of December, 1905, in the light of a resolution formed on the 31st of December, 1904." Put it where you will be sure to see it.

It was a happy thought of the editor of the *Congregationalist* when he asked T. W. Higginson to bring his famous article "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859, down to date. Colonel Higginson has entitled his supplemental article "What Women have done with the Alphabet," and the exhibit is a most striking one. During the last fifty years woman has proved her capability in the barber shop, the law school, as teacher, as post mistress, as editor, lecturer, and as a successful student of the higher themes which engage the attention of the University. This article tells us that one-third of all American college students now are women, and this does not come mainly from the leisure class, but rather from the great intelligent middle class into whose hand leadership is slowly but surely passing. Fifty years ago the argument was that girls must not go to college because they were incompetent to carry the higher studies. Now it is urged that she must not go to college because she is crowding out the young men, making them ashamed of their imperfect recitations. Woman is carrying off all the honors. Surely the leisure class, both male and female, must look well to their laurels or the striving, working, studying, self-denying, abstemious woman will find herself where she belongs—at the head of the column.

The University of Chicago did itself honor and the nation a great service in inviting Miss Jane Addams to deliver the graduating address for the winter convocation. As always, Miss Addams struck a vital theme and spoke of what is indeed a neglected opportunity based upon a lamentable lack of appreciation of our re-enforcements that come from across the sea and are constantly enriching and vitalizing our nation, as valley lands are fertilized by the wash of the hill-slopes. We will not attempt an abstract of Miss Addams' argument; when the address is in print we hope to give much or all of it in our columns. Meanwhile, of course, the newspapers have started the old cry of "off-scourings," "America the catch-basin of the world," etc., etc. The truth is that even the poorest element that comes to us by steerage passage represents much more prophetic vitality than our own degenerate native-born. The Slavs and the bog-trotter type of Irishman are proving themselves capable of American culture and offering, if not in their own person in that of their children, elements of sturdy citizenship. There are few things in the history of our country more humiliating than the heartless way in which the latest generation resent the confidence and rebuke the ideality of those who turn their faces towards America as to the promised land of liberty, or, what is better, of opportunity. But we will not anticipate. Miss Addams spoke a timely word; look out for it; read it at the first opportunity offered you.

A New Year's Greeting.

The day after Christmas is an inauspicious time to pen a New Year's greeting. It is the "day after the fair." The disillusion of the Santa Claus myth is too recent. The reaction from the over-strain, the collapse of the Christmas enthusiasm is upon the spirit. Psychologically New Year is too near the Christmas festival. Now that it is all over, and while we are getting ready for our New Year's resolves, would it not be a good plan to record a few resolutions concerning next year's Christmas? Will we lend ourselves next year again to the mad frenzy, however intoxicating, of spending more money than we ought, of buying things that are not needed, of thinking so much of those we confess our own as to be neglectful of the love and loving that ought to be our own at Christmas time? Did we allow the Christmas shopping to suppress the Christmas caroling? Have we been so lavish over things perishable that we must needs be niggardly towards things imperishable? Have we kept our hearts open to the true Christmas ideals, or have our ideals been deadened for the time being, smothered with Christmas things? Is there not grim irony in the confession frankly made by one mother, "It is too bad Christmas came on Sunday this year; the little ones were so absorbed in their presents and the older ones were so tired that they could not get to church."

All this is submitted, not in a carping spirit, but in the interest of the New Year's joy that we wish to invoke. It is in the interest of the Christmas sanctities which to us grow more impressive year by year. For this reason we install in the editorial chair this week, without his consent, our friend, Charles F. Dole. This message, privately printed, is too good to be kept to ourselves. After this is read, we ask our readers with us to turn their eyes forward and face the year of great opportunities and high duties. In the ashes of the old year we will find the precious ember that will enable us to kindle the holy fire that will warm the domestic hearth, consecrate church altars, purify our patriotism and ennoble our individual lives.

UNITY WISHES ALL ITS READERS A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Christmas As a Peacemaker.

"Yes, of course," one might say, "Christmas must be a great peacemaker. Men's hearts must be softer toward one another, and even toward their enemies, on account of the humane associations of the day and its high ideals."

But let us face the facts. Is Christmas, or has it ever been, much of an influence for peace? When have men ever learned to put away their harsh feelings—anger, resentment, jealousy—on that day? When have they been known to use the sentiment of the day to stop a war? Christians have not even hesitated to fight on Christmas, provided they saw a strategic chance to discomfit their enemies.

Here is Christendom preparing for the new celebration. Perhaps it will be the costliest ever known, for the world was never so rich. All manner of beautiful gifts will be made. Millions of homes will be illuminated. Happy chidren will be made happier. Kind things will be done for myriads of poor people. Love will be poured out in profusion. Let us all be glad at every expression of love. The world gets on toward paradise by the overflow of love.

Our immediate question, however, does not touch the reality of the joy or the love of which people will be made aware on Christmas. Our point is that this love will mainly take the line of least resistance. It wil go to friends, neighbors, and dependents. It will readily flow downward. Will it leap barriers and bridge chasms? Will it climb to the difficult heights? Show us where it will go out and find prodigal sons or daughters and restore them to their place in the father's home. Show us where it will speak the word of honorable apology or forgiveness and recover alienated friends. Show us where it will go over the walls to the people of another and discredited sect, party, religion, color, or race. Will Christians send messages of their love to the Jews in congratulation for their giving the world its most illustrious prophet? Will they love Jews the better henceforth? If not, why not? Will Unitarians love Baptists and Baptists love Unitarians because both have set their eyes on a star in Bethlehem? Will white Christians in Alabama shake hands more cordially after this Christmas with their negro brothers, and agree that men of all colors are sons of God? Will the white czar on his throne, head of a hundred millions of churchmen, say a single word on Christmas to make it easier to bring the cruel war in the East to an end? How is it with you, reader? It will be easy on Christmas to love your friends. But the day is celebrated in the memory of one who actually told men to love their enemies, or, in plain words not to have any enemies!

Take up another hard fact. In this very month, while the light of Christmas is gleaming upon us, the honored President of the United States, in his message to our National Congress, throws the stress of his argument with those who say that the most civilized of nations must express its civilization—how? By disarmament of fighting forces, by the Christmas spirit of persuasion, kindliness, justice, steady good will, forgiveness of injuries, readiness to apologize and make redress for whatever wrong we commit as a nation? No. Our President tells us that we must show our leadership by the bigness and efficiency of "great fighting ships and torpedo boats." One hundred millions of dollars a year is not nearly enough in a time of peace to expend upon a single branch of the fighting force of the most Christian nation! Meanwhile our chief magistrate suggests, in no uncertain terms, that he wants us to be ready to play the part of the big policeman, and especially in case the people of South America do not behave themselves!

We have no wish to impugn the motives of the President. We all admire his chivalrous and lovable qualities. He tells us what he thinks and what a multitude of others think. We simply call attention to the fact that this "peace of justice," quick to avenge insults, which makes a strong nation at once the judge and jury and executioner in its own suit, and spends more on the machinery of military force than on all measures of public service combined, is not the kind of peace for which Christmas Day is set to remind us. Jesus' method, his spirit, his teaching, are utterly different. The Christmas peace is the peace of the men of good will. The method is trust: the spirit is humanity. Good will carries justice with it.

It is important to make this distinction. Millions of people do not yet see how great it is. They still worship force. They confuse the simple life of the Man of Nazareth with external power and material pomp. They look back and worship a sort of warlord, coming in the skies to punish his enemies. They have yet to learn that good will is the mightiest force in the universe. They have yet to trust this new force, and to apply it to every kind of problem. They had better not reverence Jesus at all, if they miss the kernel of his teaching. Do they imagine that, if he were addressing the American people, he would bid them build more fighting ships?

Finally, Christmas challenges all, as many as believe in the ideal things of good faith, justice, truth, love, to practice what they hold most dear, to make proof of the fact that the word for the twentieth century is not "the mailed hand," nor even "justice," but that which makes the weakest hand strong, and gives life to justice, and takes away all fear of harm—the word of the angels' song—"Good Will."

CHARLES F. DOLE.

The Victory.

To do the tasks of life, and be not lost;
To mingle, yet dwell apart;
To be by roughest seas now rudely tossed,
Yet bate not jot of heart;

To hold thy course among the heavenly stars,
Yet dwell upon the earth;
To stand behind Fate's firm-laid prison bars,
Yet win all Freedom's worth.

—*Sydney Henry Morse.*

On the Path.

"Oh, the sea is so gray,
And the sky is so black;
Thorns and briers choke the way—
Must I die, or turn back?"
Under foot is the trail,
And the Goal is not far;
On the sea is a sail,
In the sky is a star!
—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

That Question of "Ethics."

In his most timely and especially pointed discussion of Ethics in general, and Mr. Carnegie in particular, published in UNITY December 8th, Professor Powell, with gloveless hands, has laid bare one of the most common and most dangerous mistakes of the age. Half truths are always dangerous, and when these relate to money they seem invariably to mislead "the very elect." It is never difficult for an intelligent person to see some of the rights of his neighbor; but the intellectual weakness of the age is an inability to see the less conspicuous but more important ones—more important, because the fundamentals of all fair dealing. Some things, even in Ethics, are twin born. He who underestimates the rights of his neighbor invariably overestimates his own. So there are sympathetic ethical diseases. The man with heart contraction, invariably has *egoplethora.*

That Mr. Carnegie has publicly admitted his moral stewardship for the race in the vast wealth he has in his control, doubtless will impress the average reader as a wonderful concession for so rich a man and a most religious and highly creditable admission; and so it would be but for two things. (1) He has purloined the trusteeship, and (2) he continues to use the wealth it represents precisely as others who admit no such moral obligation. In other words, it is trusteeship in theory and ownership in fact. Robbery at one end and a cockney breed of charity at the other. The mistake here is that very common one of assuming trusteeship where it does not exist, and entirely ignoring this obligation where it does exist. Any ordinary pickpocket might make the same plea with as good grace and quite as much reason; but neither civil nor moral law recognizes the legality of the premises. The man that by any process whatever takes that which does not belong to him, under the plea that he intends to distribute it as a trustee, is not less a thief for that reason. On the basis of individual right alone rests this whole question of wealth. The general notion that because one man by birth, or any other reason, finds himself in a position to absorb the wealth of the world, therefore it is his to do with it as he chooses, is the fundamental economical error of the world. Mr. Powell has so clearly laid bare this flimsy pretense of trusteeship and fraudulent charity that it is real cause for regret that the whole world cannot read it.

There is, however, another phase of the subject forcibly brought to the surface by Mr. Carnegie's ethical standard which Mr. Powell did not refer to, equally interesting and equally false. The assumption that this or any other age has ever developed a class of superior financiers who must manage the people's money and save the financial credit of the nation is little less than idiocy. When the masses once realize—and they are rapidly learning in these last days—how these vast fortunes, for the most part, are accumulated, they will not be less profoundly impressed by these self-appointed trustees, but it will be with their brazen and shameless trickery, and not with their superior brains. Any man can steal himself rich if the officers of the law will not disturb him. And it is quite as easy and but little less discreditable to set up a standard for charitable distribution for that which we cannot use—especially when it belongs to another.

When we are called to face such financial tangles as that of Mrs. Chadwick, who has been fraudulently "working" these superior trustees—even Mr. Carnegie not exempt—all over the land, and for half a lifetime, people should begin to suspect that the nation is in a fair way to need the appointment of a receiver. That any sane business man of integrity could be led into pledging his own fortune, not to mention that of other people, on security he had never seen, and that had no existence in fact, when the worthless pretense was for years in his own keeping, is almost past human credulity. And these are the superior brains, Mr. Carnegie has told us, that are necessary to manage the finances of the country or it will go to the dogs. The poor clodhopper who buys a gold brick and afterward finds it brass, has shown infinitely more financial acumen; for he did see the brick, and can at least plead that he pledged his money for something. Pretentious protuberance is the curse of the race. The wonder is that otherwise well informed people so readily adopt the vagaries of this class of self-appointed guardians, and in spite of all our daily augmenting suffering, poverty and crime, continue to believe the permanency and prosperity of the world depend on these superior economical giants. The experiments of England and other countries have shown that many of the best managed co-operative institutions of the world are in the hands of men who until a few years ago were wholly unknown to the financial ring. The poor preacher, who is supposed never to possess either dollars or brains to manage them if he had them, is hardly allowed the privilege to speak or write on this sacred subject. Every one seems to have learned that this class cannot be trusted to handle "finance," and yet, strangely enough, for a hundred years many of the most substantial publishing houses of this country, and many of its greatest educational institutions, have been managed by these same brainless ministers, without a break and without a serious financial failure, through all the fluctuations of "frenzied finance" that have annually wrecked railroads, banks by the hundreds and every other class of financial institutions—all in the hands of these much lauded "trustees" of the people. Is it not about time the deluded masses should awaken to the real situation? In conclusion, it might be suggested to Mr. Carnegie, inasmuch as he has been one of the prime factors—innocently, or otherwise—in this ruinous Chadwick affair, that he now has a magnificent opportunity to exercise his great gifts as a trustee for the helpless plebeian, by at least returning the money lost by the score or more of struggling students, whom it is reported had their small savings in the suspended bank, and without which they will find it difficult to complete the college course. Here is a splendid opportunity to exercise a genuine and highly honorable "trusteeship," except in this, that the term is misleading, and things should be called by their proper names. Mr. Carnegie's private dictionary is greatly at fault and the really serious feature is that so many people use it.

JOHN H. ACTON.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service. And looking higher still, we find those who never wait till their moral work accumulates, and who reward resolution with no rest; with whom, therefore, the alternation is instantaneous and constant; who do the good only to see the better, and see the better only to achieve it; who are too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse, too earnest for repose; whose worship is action, and whose action ceaseless aspiration. —*J. Martineau.*

Denys.

A STUDY FROM THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH BY WILLIAM KENT, READ BEFORE THE NOVEL SECTION OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, DECEMBER 19, 1904.

I.

"God bless the Duke of Argyle," said the Highlander, rubbing his back against the post set up in the dreariness of the treeless moor.

God bless Charles Reade, say we, for the simple human joy of the character of Denys, a charming type of normal humanity, in a troupe otherwise cursed by conscience or degraded by sordid motives.

For when we poor moths become self conscious, we flutter about some candle that is bright to us, and the tale of our sorrow is the same. Whether we seek perfection, or greatness, or gold, our wings are singed and crippled and we fall to the table.

We feel that the hunger for righteousness (a craving that cannot be gratified when our short lives and limited faculties are taken into account) is no less a wasting disease than the thirst for riches which is not to be assuaged.

Work, work, work and worry are the lot of the ant which is quite likely to be trodden underfoot before ever the winter comes. The scornful reply to the importunate improvident was not spoken by every ant to every grasshopper. "As the wise man dieth so dieth the fool" but the sage could not tell us who was wise and who was foolish.

So, for the time, let us adopt the consigne of Denys, a sort of flourish to his personality, the unlettered rubrica of his signature: "Courage! Le Diable Est Mort."

A brave defiance this, of convention and of creed, a challenge to Heaven and to Hell, that there was a manly spirit abroad, that the one could not bribe nor the other bully.

Here is a normal, healthy being who hungered after food and thirsted for drink. A sociable being and therefore a kindly one. A man who in no relation of life worried over the unattainable, and who found life worth living because of a cheerful heart.

Better to muddle the mind with cheering drink in good company, thought Denys, than in solitary misery over problems of philosophy.

In the company of prigs, of bilious Dutch consciences, and sordid Dutch thrift, this loyal and lusty character is as sunshine tearing through the gray gown of a dull day.

It is no small merit to be brave, to be cheerful, to be loyal. Nor are strength and stomach and youth poor gifts of the gods.

It is great to divide the last crust, but think of the flavor imparted to the crust by the delicate sauce of unconsciousness.

It seems almost better to kill without malice as was the wont of Denys, than to give to the poor as a lending to the Lord.

This prodigal son of Burgundy, debonair, kindly and incapable of meanness, is a rest to tired souls. There is relief in his clear cut figure for weary eyes that have tried to make out the form of complicated beings mistily shading into the surrounding scenery. His loud voice strikes as a tonic on ear drums strained with heeding monkish mumblings. Here, at least, is no cant, no hyprocisy and no self cultivating introspection.

If this man would heedlessly thrust a fellow being out of this world, he at least would not spend time in selfishly praying himself into the next.

This man is real, this heedless, headlong, defiant Denys. Whitman loved him and sang his songs. Old Martin Luther did not forget him when he wrote his doggerel couplet:

"Wer liebt nich Wein, Weib und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

You all know how the Lady of Leith fell in love with the Irishman. Can you blame her when you remember how real he was?

"One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.

"This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality,
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith
Just by the way of jollity.

"Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman!
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads
Were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman."

I believe all of us love that Irishman, although he possessed, as far as we know, so few of Denys's virtues.

Do you remember Kipling's sick of home soldier?

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst;
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

You needn't confess it, if you do not wish to confess it, that at times you would like to get to such a land by cable; but you do, every one of you. Those commandments, the sense of duty, the conventionalities, how burdensome they get, remorselessly riding us like the Old Man of the Sea. Everyone of us would chloroform our burden and, laying it by, if but for an hour, would gambol like a heedless child on the good, green earth.

O that Moses had not returned to the divine stone quarry! Why does Tolstoi tear our souls over the venial offense of killing men who at any rate must die? Why must we grovel in the deeps with Spencer when after all, the darkness of infinity is pushed back but an inch? Why must we rule ourselves and each other in stress and jangling when forests are hospitable and mountains are at rest?

May we not satisfy the instincts and needs of our natures without all this weariness and laceration of soul? For behind us is darkness and before us is the void, and it seems but right that in the warm sunbeam of life we, like the motes, are entitled to dance and not to mope.

Denys stands before us vital with that free, unconscious joy of life which we covet. A goodly heritage from goodly animal ancestors. Resting with him in primal, uncalculating independence, we join his jovial shout:

"COURAGE! LE DIABLE EST MORT!"

II

But we have not yet found Denys in our quest; there is more, much more to him than we have discovered. We know there is real character here, we feel the impact against something substantial. We realize the contact with a manly soul, and are warmed by a glow of friendliness that does not emanate from any other character in the book.

And next we remember more than one Denys in our own day and acquaintance, and are grateful for the remembrance. Somehow we wish there were more of them, and when we question it out, if there were to be but one type in the world, what other type would so nearly make the earth kindly and happy?

For Denys is no moral cipher; he is eternally and affirmatively good. Again and again in the time of doubt and questioning, we are glad to lean upon the clear intuitions of such a man. In sorrow it is his

sympathy, spontaneous as the bubbling spring, that comforts us. And we who in pride of conscious thought are prone to trust to what to us seems reason, find many a time when we feel that there are better men than reason can produce. Kipling knew it and said it of the Hindoo water carrier who cheerfully died at his task. Never while heroism is appreciated by English speaking people, will his final lines and their unexpected wisdom be forgotten:

"So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone,
Where it's always double drill and no canteen,
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din.

"Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din.
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

I remember one night when Denys found me exhausted in a Mexican forest and brought me a horse, and when he learned that I was suffering from the torment of thirst, quite simply and against my pleading, climbed down a dangerous cliff in the dark and brought back a hatful of water. This was no call of duty, no case of life or death; it was the impulse of a kind heart, defying logic and proportion.

These Denys people, incapable of formulating or analyzing an ethical code, somehow blunder divinely into the essentials, they feel that meaness is the cardinal sin, that loyalty to friendship is one of the highest virtues, and while oblivious of the Ten Commandments, they live, though imperfectly, the Greatest Commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It seems as tho' the good God directs the footsteps of such more surely than the stumblings of those who with Gerard are consciously looking for the trail.

Charming because unconscious, free from the worry of everlasting doubting and weighing and sifting, Denys had time and spirit to accomplish a great mission, that of increasing the sum of human happiness.

We do not care if he were a hired mankiller. We know it would be as absurd to question him as to his profession as for a vegetarian to interview a cowboy as to his calling, or a socialist to discuss productive labor with a stock broker. We overlook his personal morals because they were not base or sordid or mean and tho' he sinned by our codes, we see small sign of suffering brought to others.

We cannot sit in judgment on such a man nor can we share his latitude of action. For he did not violate his conscience nor can we violate ours without degradation. Eternally true it is that "What a man thinketh unclean, to him it is unclean."

The life of Denys was simple because it was frank; it was truthful because it was brave; it was lovable and admirable because unselfish. Charles Reade has blocked out a splendid statue and has breathed life into it. It is typical of our humanity and, free from all the sham of the tailor, we see that it is good.

At first we say that it is Homeric, but it is more than Greek. The Keltic buoyancy does not account for all the difference. The ages are slow, desperately slow in their doings to the children of men, and the gods are old and very leisurely, but much happened in this slow world in the few years between Achilles and Denys.

Here, then, is the lesson of Denys. It is the lesson that human nature is good, unconsciously good in spite of ignorance, yes in spite of transgression. It is proven in the kindness of the poor; it is proven in the sentiment of the popular songs, no less than in the spectacular sacrifices of the battle field or the perilous voyage of the life boat. The engineer sets the brakes before he jumps; the elevator boy runs until the fire ruins his machinery.

Those who lower the average of human good are oftenest those who have sold their birthright for sordid ends.

The shout of Denys has a new meaning now. The devil of selfish greed is not the guardian angel of human existence but a destructive force to the individual as well as to society.

One such life explodes the doctrine of selfishness; the human heart can be trusted and the cheerful call lays the dishonored ghost:

"COURAGE! LE DIABLE EST MORT!"

III.

But we cannot overlook the deeps that lie behind the character of Denys. We cannot neglect considering the source of the conscious ethics, that are accepted by the thoughtful, nor can we fail to realize that from the same experiences and experiments have been crystallized those formulae of intuitive conscience upon which such a man as Denys relies for guidance.

Denys was no accidental happening in this world of purpose. The line of his physical parentage ran away back to and before the time when out of their own bodies, myriads of living beings built their enduring tombstones of lime.

We cannot trace his moral ancestry to its beginnings, but we know that aside from the race instinct of parental love, it was not far back to the anarchy of savagery with its motto: "kill and possess."

History teaches this clearly, and if we doubt we have but to note the ease with which men revert to this predatory type. It takes generations of reversion to wildness, to modify the horse, long bred to human needs, while in new domestication the turkey steals her nest and the hog grows tusks and bristles, at the first opportunity.

So by tradition and the evidence of tendency, we know that as the ages are counted there have been but few years in which the ideal of "live and let live" has been growing among men, and those years are largely covered by written history.

Without regard to its origin, we find the thought, tho' narrowed to a people, in the stern decrees of Moses. Socrates, Marcus, Aurelius, Epictetus and Seneca carried it down the European line, until the flood emerged from the broadening river banks and spread over the world in the democracy of Jesus that knew no bounds.

But there is a vast difference between lip service and a vital, realizing sense. Even after the ideal was formulated it has forever struggled with the antagonism of human ignorance, the source of a perversity justifying the hypothesis of that malevolent spirit, whose death Denys so freely proclaimed.

And yet the great teachers of morals and still more the vast army of those who followed and believed, have fairly beaten into the souls of men those certain tendencies toward righteousness which we loosely recognize as conscience.

This intuitive sense is found strongest in childhood, ere ever the temptations and perplexities of the world have in its stead planted reason or sophistry.

Wordsworth felt this in his "Intimations." This is what Tom Hood meant in the sadness of his simple plaint that the life of the man was more remote from heaven than was boy life. Riley, the poet of childhood, has more than once touched this chord.

The lover of children ever notices with regret how the beautiful flower of intuitive goodness changes with the growing years. Sometimes it ripens into the fruit

of reasoning virtue, sometimes, blighted by selfishness, it is aborted and ripens not at all.

It is only the rare man who can go on living the child life and trusting these beneficent instincts. The decree: "grow or perish" excepts very few, and Denys was one of the exceptions.

He represents evolution at rest neither doubting nor worrying nor changing. A child character fixed in its mould, a proof sheet thrown off the press, an uncorrected page in the story that the first man did not begin nor will the last man complete.

The discussion of whether the source of morals rests in utility or inspiration is theological rather than philosophical. Whichever view we take we see that utility demands altruism, and we see inspiration coming up from below.

Denys was by no means the highest type of character nor even the highest type of child-character to be found in his own day. Although there was little dross in his makeup, his nature was narrow in scope, comforting rather than inspiring. The good in him came by inheritance from the common fund upon which all men may draw, and many possess without effort.

It is indeed blessed that certain things become conventionalized into conscience, and that there is a growing hoard of indisputable principles. They must be gold to resist the acid tests of cynicism, that men make in their hours of doubt and questioning. But there is such a treasure, and there are inexhaustible mines from which men may draw forever.

But of the miners, who in toil and weariness, sometimes in darkness and sometimes in dim candle-light, are mining this ore, and of the men who tend the stamps and are sometimes mangled in the mills—what of them?

This heedless child, Denys, has been unwittingly enriched by their toiling and their suffering. They are the Gerards of morals and generations of them have sacrificed themselves to make Denys possible. And so we come back to the wear and the strain which we hoped to avoid. Now we see reason for the nagging questions of Socrates, the initial discomfort that makes for future well being. Now Tolstoi, producing strife of soul, is seen to be working for the peace of the inner man as well as the peace of man in his relation to his fellows.

Far outshining all the martyrs and sages, we perceive the mission of Jesus, who in superhuman toil and with great suffering gave to men riches that they have not yet learned to use or to appreciate.

Thus, as all roads led to Rome, so every study carried through, must bring us back to the philosophy which Emerson illuminated, the optimism of the whole.

We find that the seemingly fortuitous gifts to Denys were not carelessly bestowed from an overflowing treasure house, built without labor and stocked without toil.

In this imperfect world of ours, while much happiness is radiated from the child-light that is undimmed by selfishness, we know that the source of that light is in the struggle and sufferings of men.

In order that that light may glow brighter as the ages go on, to bring about the end and object of all existence, a happier because a better world, men must toil and suffer for conscience' sake and must die for the salvation of others.

And so, knowing that the "power working for righteousness" in and through men has left no room for any devil excepting such as men conjure for themselves, with confident belief in the happier and higher life of mankind, we may conventionally use the phrase of Denys:

"COURAGE! LE DIABLE EST MORT!"

THE PULPIT.

A Neglected Dogma.

A SERMON BY REV. J. HERMAN RANDALL, AT THE FOUNTAIN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, NOVEMBER 27, 1904.

I take as the words of our text this morning, a portion of the 16th verse of the fourth chapter of first John: "God is Love."

I want to talk with you this morning about what I choose to call "the neglected doctrine of love." We have not been disposed to think of love as a doctrine or a dogma. It has never been so classed in Christian thinking. We have spoken of it as one of the "fruits of the spirit," or as one of the essential elements of Christian character, but we have never given it the name or the dignity of a doctrine. Strange as it seems, this doctrine of love has never found a place in any of the great creeds.

I have attended many ordinations of young men going into the Christian ministry, but I never heard of any of these ordaining councils ask the young brother if he believed in *love.* They have been very anxious to find out if he believed in the Trinity or in the atonement, or in the devil, or in the inspiration of the Bible, but I never once, in any of these ordaining councils, even heard the question suggested as to whether the candidate for the ministry believed in love as one of the great Christian doctrines; and this in face of the fact that Jesus himself sums it all up, you remember, when he says: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, mind and soul, and thy neighbor as thyself; on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." So that, from the standpoint of Jesus Christ, religion is grounded and rooted in love, proceeds from love, and the great test of a man's religion is found in this, whether love is in his life, as the source and end of all his religion. Yet we have seldom, if ever, thought of love as being the great central doctrine of Christianity, and we have never accorded it that place, and so we have never appreciated Christianity in its fullness, from love as a center. That is why I choose to speak of it as *a neglected dogma.* Love in the mind of Jesus was first and foremost. Love in the mind of the apostle who writes the chapter from which we take our text, was certainly the one prime test of a man's religion, whether he loved his fellow men or not, for he says, "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" We have put about everything else in the creeds—belief in God and in Christ and in salvation and in the devil and in sin and in heaven and in hell; but we have nowhere once put into the creed the doctrine of love as the first and foremost doctrine of the Christian religion.

Now, this neglected doctrine I want to consider with you under three of its aspects.

In the first place, the doctrine of love signifies that *God loves the world.* Men have always professed to believe that God is love, and yet, as we look back and remember the things which men have said about God, and the definitions they have made concerning him, and the deeds of cruelty and bloodshed that they have attributed directly to God, it is very difficult for us to understand what their professed belief in a God of love could really mean. We need to bear in mind that there is a real sense in which every man makes God in his own image. I mean by that, that every man's conception of God depends upon what the man is in himself. It is the principle that when you define anything you are not really defining that thing, you are defining yourself, your own capacity, your own

ability, your own knowledge and experience. And so, whenever in any age a man sits down and defines God or tells you what he thinks God is, or gives you in words his conception of God, bear in mind every time that in these words or in this definition he is really *defining himself* a great deal more accurately than he is defining God. He is simply telling you how far he has gotten, don't you see, in his development along these higher spiritual lines. And so, bearing in mind this principle, we can understand, perhaps, and make allowance for many of the things that men have attributed to God, at the same time professing to believe that God is a God of love, a good and merciful Being.

Men have said, for instance, that God became angry with the world because of man's wickedness, and drowned everybody, man, woman and child, save eight people. Men have said that God commanded them to go forth against the people who lived in hostile cities, send them forth on a mission of invasion; and God told them that if the city against which they marched was willing to capitulate peaceably, then they were to make everybody in that city slaves to themselves; but if the city showed any signs of holding out against the invaders, that is, if those fathers and husbands attempted to defend their homes and their wives and their little ones againset their enemies, then every being that breathed in that city should be put to death by the sword, even the dimpled babe in the mother's arms. Men have said that God told them that at a certain time, a man might be given his freedom if he had been held in slavery for a definite number of years, on a certain condition, and that was that he deserted absolutely his wife and his children. Men have said that God commanded them to go forth and kill innocent little children, and slay with the sword helpless and invalid women. Men have said that God sent the pestilence and that God sent the plague, and that God sent the famine with all its frightful ravages. You know that down even to modern times men have believed that God arbitrarily sent sickness and disease as a punishment upon men. So that Timothy Dwight, the president of Yale University, almost within the century, preached a certain sermon against vaccination, in which he said it was a crime, little less than blasphemy, for people to be vaccinated, because, he said, if God had decreed from eternity that a man should die from smallpox, what right had any man by the trick of vaccination to escape that decree? And men have believed that these plagues and famines which have devastated large portions of the world so often, and brought untold sorrow and suffering into human lives, were sent by God, deliberately and arbitrarily, as punishment for sin.

You know how, during all the history of the Christian church, the darkest and blackest crimes have been committed in the name of this same God whom the church, in the next breath, professed to believe in, as a God of love; and how nowhere in the history of the world has there ever been expressed such fiendish cruelty as in the persecution and the torture and the murder of the unbeliever. Who have been the martyrs, past or present? Men and women who were immoral in their lives? No. Men and women who were selfish in their living? No. Many of them the best lovers of their fellow men the world has ever seen. Men and women who had committed some crime? No. Men and women who could not conform to some of the rules and regulations or doctrines of the church. And you know how they have been imprisoned, and how they have suffered in the dungeon cell, and how defenseless women have been taken out into the sea and tied to stakes and left there for the tide to come in and slowly strangle and drown them. Saintly men and saintly women who believed in God and loved God but who could not give up their independence of manhood and womanhood and profess to believe in something they did not believe. And as I say, the strange thing is that all the time the church has been doing these things through its officers and leaders, it has been professing in the same breath to believe in and worship a God who is a God of love.

I do not want to take any more time to speak of these falsehoods that men have uttered about God, and these crimes that men have attributed to God, and these cruelties that men have practiced on their fellow men in the name of God. You know how much has been said in regard to the future life of man that we believe to be slanderous today upon the infinite God of love. Good men and true, like Jonathan Edwards, have dared to stand before the people and talk about God sending to this place of eternal flames and torture these men and women and children who had from eternity been damned to this eternal suffering, and how, as God looks upon their writhings and their torture, he is glad. Why? "Because his righteous government is being vindicated." Not so very long ago, either, that such words came from the lips of good men, and men who professed to believe that God was a God of love.

Now, you know as well as I do that this God of the past theologies, and this God of much of the so-called Christian theology of today, has not been in any sense the God of Jesus. The God of Jesus was not the God of the old Jewish people; he was not the God of the Moslem; he was not the God of the later Christian church. The God of Jesus was not a monster who could kill men when he pleased, or damn them when he pleased, or save them when he pleased; he was not a partial despot who had chosen the people of Israel for his own peculiar and exclusive people, and who had promised to protect them at all hazards against everything and against every enemy.

The wonderful thing about Jesus is the way in which he rose above these national prejudices of his people and of his age, and dared to teach and preach the universal fatherhood of God, a God who loved the Jew and who loved the Gentile just as much, a God who loved the believer, with reverent heart and mind, and the God who loved the unbeliever just as truly, the God who had but one desire in his heart, and that was that *all men* should come to repentance.

I say, the marvelous thing to me today is that, with these clear and unmistakable teachings of Jesus Christ as to the love of God for the world, as to the wildness of the love of God for man, that there should have been those in the past all along the way, who have ever dared to preach anything different.

I am conscious that there are many men who have never turned the listening ear toward the voice of the church in this matter of religion or of God, who, as they have studied the page of nature have been perplexed and confused, and many times confounded, because while they recognize in nature this infinite power and this infinite wisdom, there they have stopped and have said, "I wish that I could go further and see that this infinite energy, this God, as you call him, who manifests himself in nature, I wish I could say that I find him to be good and beneficent, as well as powerful and wise."

A year or so ago, Sir Henry Thompson, one of the greatest English scientists and one of the greatest scholars of our age, wrote an article which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* in which he went on to say that for twenty-five years, from the standpoint of science—and he is a man who has no prejudice in favor of religion—he has been facing this problem, whether nature, scientificaliy observed and studied, did

reveal the fact of a *good God.* And all these years he has been making notes, jotting down everything he discovered that would make him believe that here was something that revealed God as other than good; and every time he could feel that there was something that revealed the goodness of God, he would put that down; and so he has thought and brooded over this subject for all these twenty-five years; and finally he comes to the conclusion in his article where he says, "out of all the study of these years, I have come at last to this clear, scientific conclusion that an impartial and honest study of the facts of nature must reveal to the honest man not simply infinite power, not simply infinite wisdom, but infinite goodness and beneficence as well." And he takes into account all the pain and the suffering, the diseases and death, everything that comes into life that seems to oppose the thought of a good God, he takes all these things into account, and he says, scientific man that he is, I have come, irrestibly and against my own inclination, at last to this conclusion, *that nature reveals nothing else save a good and loving God.*

It seems to me that from such an authority these words and this conclusion certainly help to strengthen our confidence in the words, and the position taken by Jesus Christ, as to God's love for man. We may have believed that Jesus was right, and we may have trusted his judgment; we may have been willing to accept his teachings about God; yet, from such an entirely different source in this modern scientific age of ours, to hear a message like this, that harmonizes completely with the message of Jesus, certainly brings strength and courage to every man's faith in the goodness and in the love of God as revealed not only in the Bible but as revealed in the page of nature as well.

As we follow man out into the future, as we push aside the portals of death, and in our thought follow him clear on into the great eternity beyond, what follows from this great thought of God's love for man, a love that is not merely theory but that is a mighty fact, the mightiest fact in all the universe and the mightiest power in human life? We cannot but say with the great poet and prophet, Alfred Tennyson:

> "O, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> "That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.
>
> "Behold, we know not anything.
> I can but trust that good shall fall,
> At last—far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring.
>
> "So runs my dream; but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.
>
> "I falter where I firmly trod,
> And falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar stairs
> That slope thro' darkness up to God,
>
> "I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope."

And Tennyson but gave expression in poetic form to that which is growing to be more and more the deep, settled conviction in every heart today, that *"good shall fall at last to all."*

Does it mean that we minimize sin? No. Does it mean that we are denying the fact of sin's punishment? By no means. Every sin, every wrongdoing, brings its own punishment. Every violation of any law, howsoever small it may seem to us, must be met with a penalty somewhere and some time. But, oh! It does mean just this, that we have changed our whole conception as to the meaning and the purpose and the significance of suffering and punishment in this world of ours. It is not vindictive, it does not proceed from a wrathful God, it is not in any sense in the spirit of revenge. Men used to punish their fellow-men in that way, but we have outgrown that barbarous thought today, and we are coming to understand that punishment for man, whether it comes upon him from society, or because he has violated some of the laws of this universe, that punishment is always remedial and salutary, educational and saving; that it must bring every man to *himself* at last, that every man learns his lesson, perchance "far off," as the poet says, but every man will learn his lesson at last, and come to undertand the blessedness of the life of harmony with God's will.

You ask me where I get any basis for such a hope or such a faith as this, and I simply point you to the words of Jesus rightly interpreted and the words of Paul rightly interpreted, where he speaks of the time when Christ shall deliver the kingdoms of this world unto God, and when "God shall be all and in all." You ask me where I get the basis for such a faith, and I say from my experience and observation of men and women around me every day. You ask me where I find a basis for such a confidence and faith, and I answer, "deep in my own breast, as I listen to the voice that speaks with an authority greater and more compelling than any voice that comes from book or page written by the hand of man." God loves the world, God loves men, and when the church will once place this great simple fact in the very center of its creed; when the church will dare to write a creed that shall begin something like this, "I believe in God, who is the source of all love, and so where love is, there is God," then the church will begin to be Christian in the true sense of the word. *God is love,* and when we once enter into a realization of the thought that *God loves man,* I want to tell you most of the problems of life vanish, and we are able to face all that life brings, with courage and with strength in our hearts.

The second phase of this neglected doctrine that I want to emphasize is *man's love to God.* Do you know, I am not much surprised that there have been in the world so many men who have not, according to the orthodox standard, been willing to love God? I sometimes wonder that there have been so many good men and women who have been willing, and who have found it possible to love God in view of what men have said about him, in view of what men have thought concerning him, in view of the many things that have simply driven every truly sensitive, honest, upright soul away from such a God.

I used to think, as a boy, when I heard the minister in the pulpit occasionally talk about men like Thomas Paine, and like Voltaire, and Renan, and Ingersoll, and condemn them and anathematize them, and use the bitterest and most virulent language at his disposal in denouncing them—I used to think that these men were, of all men, the great arch-criminals, that these men were certainly the supreme enemies of God. But as I have grown older, and as I have come to read the writings of these men for myself, I have been amazed and surprised to find that these men I have named, and many other men who have been called "infidels" and "atheists" and "free thinkers" in the history of the world, have been men and women who have believed as firmly and deeply as anyone here this

morning in a God who is a God of love. And the church has anathematized them, and men have vilified them and persecuted them and uttered all manner of falsehood against them simply because they have been unwilling to accept the things which the church has taught *about God,* not because they failed to believe in a God who is the God of love. In fact, I want to tell you that many of these men and women have been a good deal more Christian in their conception of God than the church which has thrust them out and excommunicated and killed them.

Thomas Paine used to say—and it was one of the great fundamental articles of his philosophy: "Any system of religion that would shock the mind of a little child is not a true system." And when he took the creeds of the church and the dogmas of the creed and tried them by this test, which I think we must all admit is a pretty sure test, he said, "as for myself I cannot accept them; I prefer to believe in a God who is love, and whom I can teach to my children and other men's children without fear of its shocking the child's mind or causing the child's nature to revolt in fear.

Voltaire, who has been called the arch infidel of the eighteenth century, is simply crying out against the theology and practices of the Roman Catholic church as he observed them in the France of his day; the priestcraft, the superstition and the idolatry of the great mass of the people. Voltaire believed in a God who is a God of love, and he could not believe in the God that the church talked about. And so with Renan, and so with multitudes of this class of people who have been excommunicated and anathematized in every age. It has been in the great majority of cases because these men and women simply clung to this great fact that whatever else might be true about God, *it must be true that God is love,* and anything that contradicted that must be false.

I do not believe for a moment that man's heart is naturally "at enmity against God." That is what we have been told. A good many men's hearts are naturally at enmity against the God that they have heard preached or the God that has been represented to them. But you know that a man whose heart is at enmity against the God who is infinite love and infinite goodness and infinite truth, is simply a fiend; he is not a man. And I put away from my creed long ago the old doctrine that man naturally is at enmity against God, has opposed himself in his whole nature to God, and I will not believe it for a single moment. Men have opposed conceptions of God that were man-made. Men have been unwilling to give themselves up to ideas concerning God which proceeded from finite minds, biased and ignorant. But I doubt if you go the world over and preach to any man the God that Jesus preached, who is a God of love and compassion, and can rid his mind of the old errors, the old fears and prejudices about God, I doubt if you will find anywhere a man who will not fall in love with such a God on the instant.

We blame men because they do not love God, and all the time I believe we ought to be blaming ourselves who preach God to men—and you who sit in the pews preach God just as much as I who stand in the pulpit, by your daily lives and by your conversation about things religious and the conceptions you entertain of God and his love. No, no, more men do not love God, more men are not living a life which is in the true and broad sense the religious life, because in the first place we have misrepresented God to them. We have said in one breath, God is love, and in the next breath we have said something that honest men could not reconcile with that statement. We have said God is good, and they say, "we can't reconcile that with other things you say; maybe you can get harmony out of it, but to us it is hopeless confusion and discord of thought." We have misrepresented God, and many of us have preached God in such a way that honest men had no other alternative but to turn their backs upon our God, and I would not have much respect for them if they had done anything else.

And then, in the second place, if we have not misrepresented God, we have talked about him in such a vague, far-off sort of a fashion, and have told men that they ought to love God, and that God was loving and kind, and we have sent them out with uncertainty in their minds as to just what it means to love God. We have been so indefinite and vague in our teaching as regards this subject, instead of telling them frankly and plainly that to love goodness is to love God, that to love truth is to love God, that to love righteousness is to love God, that to love love until love becomes the dominant thing in one's life and in one's character is to love God.

Men say to me often, "You tell us we ought to love God. Jesus says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, etc.,' this infinite energy that manifests itself in all things everywhere—how can I love such an infinite spiritual being? What does it mean?" Jesus teaches us himself in that wonderful sermon on the mount, that God is goodness and righteousness and truth and love; and if we love these qualities until they become the great qualities in our lives, we are loving God.

We have been too vague and indefinite in our teaching. We have told men to love God, and we have not told them what it meant.

And that leads to another thought which really grows out of this, that the real test which the Bible teaches unmistakably, which Jesus and Paul and John point out, as in these words we have read this morning—the real test of a man's love for God *is his love for men.* "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" And the great question that ought to be put to every man who comes into the Christian church is just this: "How do you love your fellow men?" You can't get away from it, if you take Jesus Christ's own words, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me." Not one single word in that great parable of the future judgment scene, as to a man's creedal tendencies or as to a man's theological position, or as to a man's views on any one of the mooted doctrines; but just this supreme test—did you do it unto one of the least of these? How do you love, *how do you love?* And by that test a man stands or falls through all eternity—*how do you love?*

I have come in contact with all kinds of men and women, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the believers and the unbelievers, if you want to classify them that way, those who live upright and moral lives, those who have been the victims of evil habits or dissipation, and I want to tell you from my contact with men and women that I have found something to respect and admire and love in every one of them. The trouble is, that as we move among men we find it difficult to love them because we stop at what we think may be in itself unlovely, instead of pushing on to the real man or the real woman who lies back of the unlovely thing, and the real man and the real woman is back there somewhere every time, rest assured of that.

Perhaps you saw in the papers a few weeks ago a description of a scene that took place on the deck of a steamboat on the Kootenay Lake this last summer. A

party had gathered there and were watching the beauty of the landscape. All was restful and inspiring, when suddenly there came from below a man with face flushed, with clothing disarranged, foul of speech, profane in his drunkenness, and as he sat down in one of the chairs, the people looked at him with indifference at first, and then they began to get angry. Here he was, a human blot upon this beautiful scene, a man who absolutely did not fit into the surroundings at all, and the anger grew and grew until they denounced him in unmistakable terms so that he could hear, and they began to consider what should be done to get rid of him. Finally a gentleman approached him and began to talk with him, and with that he drew a telegram out of his pocket and placed it in the man's hands and said, "Read that;" and the man deciphered it with difficulty because there were blots and tears on it: "Come home at once. Our boy is dying. Mary." And the man said, "I am not a drinking man ordinarily. I used to drink at home occasionally, but I came out here to earn enough money to buy a farm for my boy, and I have saved something. I have been here five months, and I have not touched a drop until now, but four days ago I got this telegram, and I want to tell you I ran for the nearest saloon. I was just crazy. I'm on my way home now. I would give anything in God's world rather than lose my boy." And this gentleman took him down into the cabin, and finally came back and turned to these angry men and women on the deck, and he said, "I want to tell you the story of that man," and then he told them the sad, simple story, and one of the men who had been most vociferous in his denunciation spoke up, "Poor fellow, poor fellow; why, *if we only knew*, we would pity a good deal more than we condemn."

I want to tell you, men and women, there is the secret to this whole thing of loving your fellow men: *If you only knew*, you would pity and you would love a good deal more than you criticise and condemn. Men are not devils. Men are ignorant, men are weak, men are bearing heavy burdens, and they get easily discouraged; men do not understand the laws of their own nature or the laws of the higher life; men get lonely, men get cast down—I am not saying this to justify any man or any woman for doing wrong, but I want to say that in every case of wrong-doing you will find somewhere, *if you only knew*, an excuse, something that started the man on the downward path; he is weak, he has yielded, that is all true enough, I do not justify him, but oh! there is an excuse somewhere in every life. And the Godlike man, the one that gets close to Christ and knows human nature as he knew it, is the man that comes close to men and women and tries to understand them before he criticises and seeks to get back of this surface unloveliness to the real man and the real woman underneath. And when he does that he is loving them, and he cannot help but love them, and out of such love proceeds the helpfulness that can come in no other way in God's world.

It was in a police court in San Francisco on a Monday morning, and the usual crowd of "drunks and disorderlies" had been lined up before the judge. Many of them were old and hardened in the business, but some of them were young, and sat there with heads hanging down in humiliation and shame. Just as the court was about to convene, a voice was heard singing from somewhere below:

"Last night I lay a sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been a nightmare or else a drunken stupor for these thirty men and boys; but there was something in the voice, something in the words of this song, or the contrast of the scene, that brought a thrill to everyone in the room. The voice went on:

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple, there."

The judge leaned over to the clerk, and asked him a question. It seemed that a member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was waiting trial for forgery in one of the cells down stairs, and he was singing this old familiar song. Every man in the line felt the emotion. Two or three men dropped instinctively on their knees. One boy down near the end, so the newspaper account tells us, trying to control his emotion, leaned up against the wall and then buried his face in his arms and just sobbed out, "O, mother, mother." And so it went down the line, as the men were shaken with emotion. Finally one man spoke up in a husky voice, and said, "Judge, we can't stand this; this is too much. We are here to take our punishment, but this is too much." And then he, too, began to sob. For some reason the judge did not call them to order. He did not send word to have the singing stopped; he just waited, and the police sergeant in the room after an effort to keep the men in line, just stepped back and waited with the rest. The song went on to its glorious climax,

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna forevermore."

The voice of the singer in the cell down stairs died away in a glorious ecstacy of melody. The judge looked into the faces of the thirty men before him. He knew that the song had touched their hearts as no punishment could ever touch them. He did not call the cases singly; he simply talked to them in a kindly way, and then he dismissed them all. Not a single man went to the jail or workhouse that morning from the criminal court room.

Love is the one great saving power in the world today. You may think it is old, that we have said all there is to be said about it before; but let me tell you we have not learned a millionth part of what we need to learn about it yet—that the only power that is going to save society and lift men up is not the power of preaching, is not the power of teaching, is not the power of the university or the college or the high school or the church; it is the power of love and kindliness and sympathy in human hearts as it goes forth to other human lives.

The neglected dogma of love! If we could understand that God loves us; if we could understand how to love God in return, and how to love our fellow men, we should then know the inner meaning of Christianity.

I would that I had the power to banish from the minds of men every monstrous conception of God that has come to them from the theologies of the past. I would it were possible for me in some way to drive out of every mind that lurking fear, that subtle suspicion, that God is something else than love. I would give up everything else in my life if I could only in some feeble way help to accomplish that end and set men free from the fear of God; and by my words enable men to go forth from this place today and every Sunday to live the glad, free, confident life of the children of a God who loves them and who loves to the uttermost, and who will love through all eternity with an everlasting love.

God help us to understand and to realize the meaning of love in our lives every day.

A little thing! There is no little thing;
Through all a joyful song is murmuring;
Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear
Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.
—*William Ellery Channing.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—*Resolved,* To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly and frequently as that I may find and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

Mon.—*Resolved,* To do, always, what I can towards making, maintaining and preserving peace when it can be done without an over-balancing detriment in other respects.

Tues.—*Resolved,* To be strictly and firmly faithful to my trust.

Wed.—*Resolved,* In narrations, never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity.

Thurs.—*Resolved,* That I will act so in every respect as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned.

Fri.—*Resolved,* When I am most conscious of provocations to ill-nature and anger, that I will strive most to feel and act good-naturedly.

Sat.—*Resolved,* Never to speak evil of any except I have some particular good call to it.

Resolutions of Jonathan Edwards, from Dwight's Life of President Edwards.

The Matsuyama Mirror.

A long, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they have been long since forgotten, but the name of the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in the province of Echigo.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little baby to go, so he set out alone, after bidding them good-bye and promising to bring them home some pretty presents.

The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being a little frightened at the thought of her husband taking such a long journey, and yet she was a little proud, too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the big town where the King and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband back, so she dressed the baby in her best clothes, and herself put on a pretty blue dress which she knew her husband liked.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see him come home safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon the journey and in the town itself.

"I have brought you a very pretty thing," said he to his wife; "it is called a mirror. Look, and tell me what you see inside."

He gave her a plain, white wooden box, in which, when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright as the clearest crystal. Into it the young mother looked with delight and astonishment, for, from its depths, was looking at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a smiling, happy face.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and—dear me, how odd, she has on a blue dress like mine!"

"Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife didn't know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the town everybody has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough, for you must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so, of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for every-day use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Mindful of her own little passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, the mother kept the mirror carefully hidden away, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of it, and as for the father, he had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a terrible misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good, kind mother fell sick; and, although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she got worse and worse, until at last there was no hope but that she must die.

When she found that she must so soon leave her husband and child the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she was going to leave behind, and most of all for her little daughter.

She called the girl to her and said: "My darling child, you know that I am very sick: soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you will see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from its hiding place and gave it to her daughter. The child promised, with many tears, and so the mother, seeming now calm and resigned, died a short time after.

Now this obedient and dutiful daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother: not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day; to her in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her lifetime, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her. Her greatest joy was to be able to look in the mirror and say: "Mother, I have been today what you would have me to be."

Seeing her every night and morning, without fail, look into the mirror, and seem to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her."

Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and how she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face, by constant sympathy and association becoming more and more like her dead mother's day by day.—*From the Japanese Fairy Tale Series, copyrighted, owned and published by Mr. T. Hasegawa, of Tokyo, Japan, and for sale in this country by Mr. Bunkio Matsuki, of Boston.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

AS OTHERS SEE US:—The St. Louis Exposition and the various congresses in different parts of the country this season brought an unusual number of distinguished and scholarly foreign visitors to our shores many of whom have sent to their home papers voluminous letters from America. It has been no uncommon thing to find two such letters from different pens in a single issue of a popular paper. Prof. Louis Wuarin, of the University of Geneva, for example, a delegate to the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis, came long enough in advance to linger by the way and open his series of letters to the *Journal de Genève* with some charming and quite unusual bits of description of Yonkers, New Rochelle and that attractive suburban region about New York city.

Long before he had concluded the narrative of his further observations and experiences, M. Arthur de Claparède began, in the same paper, under the caption: A geographer on vacation, the story of his adventures as a delegate to the Geographical Congress. Attendants at this congress were taken over territory enough to give them at least a realizing sense of the tremendous distances on this continent and of some of the wonders of our natural scenery. They were also treated to some experiences not on the prearranged program for their entertainment. Beside the inevitable fatigue of a journey to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, their patience and endurance were put to the test by their train being trapped between floods and washouts en route for Mexico so that for days it was equally impossible to advance or retreat. M. de Claparède draws a graphic picture of the various phases of the trip, and in this emergency pays so frank a tribute to the resourcefulness and good nature of the typical American that we must forgive him some innuendoes as to the character of our railroad construction as well as the fact that on divers occasions in these letters he wears still more threadbare the old complaint of the uninteresting uniformity of American cities all laid out on the checkerboard plan. Champagne and melons were about all the larder afforded at this crisis in the party's affairs, but he must admit, he says, that all the swearing he heard came from the foreign guests.

Just when and how the excursionists were extricated from their wearisome position it is needless to relate, but Mexico was reached at last and hotel beds were warmly appreciated after a week or more spent in an American sleeping car. Any one who has crossed the continent can appreciate that relief, yet many an American has sighed for as comfortable a place as our much criticised sleeping car in which to stretch his weary frame when traveling in Europe.

Mexico, with its beautiful scenery, its old time cities, its archaeological remains, picturesque, easy-going people and leisurely methods of transportation, quite fascinated the Swiss visitor and his home readers must have followed his wanderings with delight.

Turning from our Swiss to our French guests, we find Prof. Koenig continuing in *Le Protestant* his enthusiastic account of the triumphal progress of Charles Wagner in America, and Prof. Jean Réville, another delegate to the great Congress of Arts and Sciences, telling of his experiences in the same paper.

Prof. Réville, making the tour of the Library of Congress under the guidance of its librarian, looking down from the gallery of the great reading-room suddenly recognized on the floor below a familiar broad-shouldered figure. It was none other than his friend Charles Wagner. The two were soon shaking hands and exchanging notes on their American experience.

Wagner, says Prof. Réville, was just beginning that triumphal tour of preaching and lecturing of which the readers of *Le Protestant* have heard some echoes, while I was more quietly returning from the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis, where I had the honor of being invited to speak as a Frenchman after Harnack, who represented German theology, on the recent progress and present status of ecclesiastical history. I came as professor, as editor of the *Revue de l'histoire des religions*, in company with other professors from the University of Paris. My time was taken up almost entirely by the Congress and receptions and visits connected with it. Intercourse was with university and scientific circles in the cities where I stopped.

Prof. Réville thinks it peculiarly characteristic of the American attitude of mind at the present time that his liberal protestant friend should have been invited to speak before Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers and Lutherans without anyone thinking of being disturbed by it. His own observations were confined to the Unitarian churches, chiefly those of Boston, where, as was most natural Rev. C. W. Wendte, secretary of the International Council, to which Prof. Réville also belongs acted as guide, philosopher and friend. His letters give to French readers a very sympathetic account of the American Unitarian Association and the Biennial Conference, with mention of the Women's Alliance, the Young People's Religious Union, the Sunday School Society, etc.

The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches and its various lines of work in Boston are described with considerable detail, and he takes his readers to two typical Unitarian services in Boston and Cambridge. The first, a Sunday morning service in the old church of Channing, which he describes as to its exterior and its internal arrangement and appointments. Americans, he says, do not as a rule accept the traditional Calvinist conception that to worship God properly and to edification one must necessarily be uncomfortably seated, on very hard benches, in a bare and ugly auditorium. They think the church should be an attractive place, though not a museum. He believes that we are right.

He then deals with the sermon by the Rev. Frothingham; a discourse inspired by the speaker's recent observations in Europe and the ideals of the International Peace Congress, on the eve of which it was delivered. "A simple discourse, without exaggeration, a little cold, a little 'too' reasonable, but well thought out and well expressed, and to which a poor citizen of the old world, like myself, could take no other exception than it seemed a little too willing to see the mote in the European eye without discovering the beam in that of the American. I, who had just returned from St. Louis, where I was greatly surprised at the enthusiasm of its visitors for things military and for all exhibits relating to war or conquest, I who had just made acquaintance with American imperialism, and who had seen peace congresses in Europe long before there were any in the United States, found a little difficulty in looking at things from the preacher's strictly American point of view. But I was, perhaps, the only European present. Furthermore, I have traveled enough to learn that all the peoples of the world have a pretty good opinion of themselves, and I had already discovered in the course of this trip that, in that respect, the people of the United States form no exception to the common rule of humanity."

We are quite ready to cry *Peccavi* before this very gentle rebuke, but one thing staggers us: either we are quite at fault in our ideas of the chronology of the peace movement, or Prof. Réville must be a much older man than we had supposed.

M. E. H.

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